"Chime! Chime! CHIME!"
Sound bells of the holy Christmas time,
Wake with your music the echoes that sleep!
Where in ice-fettered fountains,
Or 'mid the gray mountains,
Their soleann watch keep!
Ring out your gladness o'er hiliside and main;
Ring! till the New Year's bells echo the

Toll! for the Old Year's record of wrong; Wall! for its losses in agonized song; Chant! a glad paon for victories won, And an authem of hope for the days that will

"Chime! Chime! CHIME! CHIME! Flash ruddy fires! in your roscate light, Weave us fair pictures of memories bright, Golden and warm let the yule log burn; As the pages of memory's tablet we turn. Some of those pages are blotted with sin; Wrong has been wrought since the old year

came in: Evil been done since the last Christmas time, Hands then unspotted since crimsoned

crime;
Hearts have grown colder to truth and to love,
Bartered for trifles their birthright above.
Tear-sprinkled pages, that whisper of loss—
Of wearing the "tnorn crown," and bearing the

Pages o'er which bitter tears have been wept; Pages on which the giad alunsidue has slept— Pages so precious! the wealth of the seas, Never could tempt us to parting with these!

"Chime! Chime! CHIME!" Dock the walls with green and holly, Heap still more the Christmas fires! Build your castles 'mid the embers,— Glowing turrets, flaming-spires! Bring the gifts of love and triendship;

True heart tokens let them be;
One and all with joyous faces,
Gather round the Christmas tree!
"Tis the birth-day of the "Christ-child;"
For his sake we keep our feast,

They that seek shall surely find him Lo! his star is in the east! "Chime! Chime! CHIME!" J. W. F. M.

RUTH'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

'Here's a letter from your aunt Rachel, I think,' Mrs. Nugent said, as she looked over the letters the postman had just brought on his morning round. 'It Winsted postmark.

Ruth took the letter, and went to the window to read it, wondering what Aunt Rachel wanted now. She never wrote unless she wanted something. It read:

My dear niece Ruth: I am lonesome this summer. I want you to come and stay with me a month. I know that you can leave those unruly children, if you will, and the change will do you good You need it, I feel sure. I shall expect you by the first of next week. You see I am counting on your coming, and shall be greatly disappointed if you do not come. I have plans for you, and you will do well to think twice, or three times, before making up your mind that you 'can't afford it. I know you'll say that; but the truth is, my dear Ruth, that you can't afford to stay at home. More than you dream of depends upon your coming to Winsted this summer. Your step-mother can get along for a month without you, I know. I am your aunt, your father's only sister, and I have a right to you for as much as a month. I insist on exercising that right now. Jonas will be at the station for you on Monday evening.

Expecting you, I am your old 'AUNT RACHEL.' Ruth read the letter, and straightway vision of the old Winstead meadows, and the great hills beyond, both flooded

with the sunshine of a New England summer day, rose before her. She could feel the cool, sweet air blowing about her, and smell the clover, and hear ring of sevthes, as the mowers sharpened them in the great fields down by the river.

'Oh, I would like to go,' she thought.
'But I don't see how I can afford to! There! I've said just what Aunt Rachel Well, Mrs. Nugent said inquiringly

What does she write, Ruth? She wants me to come up to Winsted for a month, answered Ruth.

'And no one else,' exclaimed Mrs. Nugent, pettishly. 'I think I never saw a more selfish woman than your Aunt

Rachel is Ruth 'Aunt Rachel is peculiar,' admitted

Peculiar? I should say she was very peculiar,' said Mrs. Nugent, rather scornfully. 'I always tried to use her well when she came to visit us. She has never set foot in the house since your father died, nor asked me to visit her. I suppose she thinks the Nugents were few rounds above the Fieldings in the social ladder, and now that your father is dead, there's no need of her patronizing me. 1'd have her to know that the Fieldings occupied quite as good a position in society as the Nugents ever did. It is true that we wern't wealthy, but we were respectable, and I don't know of any older family than ours.'

'Except Adam's,' laughed Ruth. 'Or was he a Fielding?'

'You needn't imitate your aunt by ridiculing my family,' said Mrs. Nugent, loftily, and with sharp accents in her voice. I will do your father the justice to say that he never seemed to think he had married beneath him.'

'I have never heard Aunt Rachel say that she thought so,' said Ruth. 'It is quite evident that she does think responded Mrs. Nugent. 'But if she doesn't want me to visit her, of course I don't want to. I never go where I do not think I am a welcom

What else did she write?' 'You can read the letter,' answered Ruth, handing it to her.

Mrs. Nugent read it through twice. I wonder what her plans are, that hard. she's so mysterious about?' she said, at last. 'I think you'd better go, Ruth.' Mrs. Nugent had seen possible advan-

tages to herself resulting from a compliance with Aunt Rachel's request on the part of Ruth. Miss Nugent was wealthy. Ruth was her only niece. If Ruth pleased her, she might "do something" for her. And from whatever she did for Ruth, Mrs. Nugent expected to reap a

You can have a vacation of a month or two,' she went on. 'I can see that you need it. Of course there's no telling what her plans are, but they may be something which will be of great advan-tage to you. She ought to help you, she has so much money, and we are so poor. You have a right to expect she will.

'I don't think so,' said Ruth. 'When grandfather Nugent died, his property was equally divided between Aunt Rachel and father. She has been fortu-nate, and added to hers, while father was so unfortunate as to lose almost everything. She was not to blame for it, and is under no obligations to help us, so long, at least, as we can help our-selves.

'Perhaps not,' said Mrs. Nugent, in a tone that told she was not convinced. 'But I should suppose she would help

Ruth turned her face to the window and smiled softly. She was wondering if her step-mother thought of consist-ency when she talked of other people's selfishness.

Mr. Nugent had been dead six years. Two years before his death he had lost nearly all his property. The little that was left was barely sufficient to support Ruth and her step-mother. To eke out the scanty income, Ruth, for the past two years, had taught a little school to which children of from eight to twelve years came. In this way she earned enough to make herself and step-mother comfortable. But Mrs. Nugent was not satisfied with being comfortably fed and clothed, even if it cost her not the least effort. She sighed for days of vanished grandeur, and could never talk of the past without seeming, in a measure, to blame her husband for the loss for which he was not responsible. That always touched Ruth in a sore spot. She had loved her father dearly, and she knew that the thought that he was to leave his wife and daughter with so lit-tle of this world's goods had made the last year of his life a sorrowful one. 'If been reckless in the investment of his money, then she might have had reason to blame him.' Ruth thought. 'But he was always careful, and when ruin came to him as it did to hundreds of others as Ruth. careful as himself, it was not of himself that he thought, but of us.'

Mrs. Nugent had always been a helpless woman. She never depended up-on herself, always upon others. She was one of those persons who seem to consider that the world owes them a living. They are not very particular how it comes, or where it comes from, so long as they get it. Like all others of this class, she was not satisfied with what she received. She sighed for more, and in listening to her, you would get the idea that she felt herself cheated out of what was justly her due. Rachel Nugent was wealthy. She had no one to expend her wealth on save herself, and her tastes were not expensive ones. See lived alone in a little country village where the cost of living was next to nothing. She might help them, if she would, Mrs. Nugent was always thinking. She ought to. What good did her wealth do her?

Aunt Rachel's allusion to "plans," in the letter Ruth had just received, gave her step-mother to hope that at last she was going to "do something" for her niece. Rather than have the chance of having something "done for them" lost, she would stay at home alone, great as the inconvenience would be, while Ruth went to Winsted.

'It won't cost a great deal,' she said. 'You won't need any new clothes for that little country town. It will be very lonesome here, of course, with you gone; but I can manage to get along quite comfortably. Write to her that

you are coming."
Ruth knew her step-mother well enough to understand what she was thinking about. It was not the pleasure Ruth would receive from the visit, but he prospect of tangible assistance.

Well, if you think you can get along without me for a month, I will go, she 'I would like to,' she added,

'Then go,' answered Mrs. Nugent. So it was decided that Ruth was to go to Winsted, and that afternoon a letter was written to aunt Rachel, telling her that her visitor would he there on Monday.

piano, singing bits of old songs softly to herself, when the door-bell rang. She got up from the instrument with a soft light in her eyes. She knew whose

'It's nobody but Haviland, I think,' Mrs. Nugent said watching Ruth keen-But if the words touched a sensitive

spot in Ruth's heart, she did not let her nce show it. The visitor came in as one does who

is a frequent caller. Ruth went to meet him with an outstretched hand, and welcome in her face.

time, she said. 'I began to think you had forgotten us.' 'I have been out of town,' Robert

Haviland answered. 'I came back this afternoon. He sat down near Ruth, and they fell to talking. At first they tried to include Mrs. Nugent in the conversation, but

she refused to take part. She pretended to be deeply interested in her book. The truth was, she did not like Haviland. She was afraid he wanted to marry Ruth. If she married a poor man, what was she to gain by it? 'I am going away.' Ruth answered,

presently 'Going away?' cried Robert. 'Not for long, I hope?

'Oh no,' answered Ruth, laughingly, Only for a month. But you can't magine how much enjoyment I mean to crowd in that little space of time. mean to climb all the Winsted hills. shall tramp the country over, from one end of the town to the other. I shall come back tanned and sunburnt, possibly freckled. Think of that!' with a laugh of childish anticipation. 'Away from the city, and the school, for a month—a

whole month!' 'It will seem a long time to us,' said, folding the empty sleeve that had fallen into his lap across his breast again. 'I am glad you are going, though. You need rest, and I expect to see you come back with more color in those cheeks. There has been too little there, of late. You work too

'Well, it's work or starve,' laughed Ruth. 'I don't care for hard work, I like to be doing something. though. I believe the man who earns his daily bread by honest hard work, respects himself a good deal more than he would if he got a living by somebody else's labor. It's the same with a woman. She feels, then, that she stands on the same footing that other people do. She has proved her ability to take care of herself, her independence, and she feels proud to know that by her own individual efforts she has accomplished that which I am sorry to see so many are contented to leave to the other

you, for she has no one to care for but herself. I never could understand how some people can be so selfish.' the bread of dependence does, I should feel that the aera of advancement we hear of so often really dawned. Men

work: why should not women?'
They do, said Robert. 'The house-old has plenty of chance for noble la-

por in it. Yes, I grant that, answered Ruth. But not all women have households to labor in. Before they find a field of labor there, there are chances for most of them to work in other fields. I don't say this because I have to work, and am envious of those who do not. I am glad to earn my way I say it because I see women every day, who are dead weights on poor men's hands. They might help, if they would. But they seem to think it would disgrace them to work. They say they are too proud to, by their actions. I don't like such pride. It isn't really pride; its real name is selfishness, or careless indiffer-ence to the welfare of those whose interests should be as dear to them as their own. If a woman could help her hus-band, and did so, I should say that there was an exhibition of true pride. She was too proud to be a helpless burden on

'Bravo!' laughed Robert, 'I like, and agree with your sentiments; but I he had speculated and lost, if he had frankly admit that I am afraid of strongminded women,' as we know the class from the lecture-platform. You are sure

you'll never be one of them?" 'Yes, quite sure of that,' answered

Then I shall not be afraid of you, Robert said, with a smile that brought the wild-rose color into Ruth's cheeks again. 'Do you know, I am selfish enough to be thinking this moment how lonesome it will be without you? I ought to be glad you are going. In-deed, I am glad, but I keep thinking of

ow much there will be miss.' 'A month will be over almost before you know it.' answered Ruth, her eyes drooping beneath his steady gaze that held a tender meaning in it. you could go somewhere for such a month's rest as I shall have. It would do you so much good. You need it more

'I believe I could do better work, after it, he said. 'But it's out of the question. You will have to enjoy enough for both of us. Perhaps, in that way, I shall enjoy it, too. I often think that whatever is a source of good to one we care for, is a direct source of good to us because of a close sympathy which feels and appropriates that which given to another It comes to us brough them. Some subtle medium transmits it because of the tie between us, and we feel and are benefited by that which another experience.'

'I shall be glad to enjoy for you, then,'

she said, softly.

'What were you singing when I came in?' he asked, by and by. 'Robin Adair. wasn't it?'

'Yes, I think so,' she answered. 'I had been wandering about in a book of old songs, and it made me think of aunt Rachel's garden. She loves old-fashioned flowers, you know. There are hollyhocks there, and lilacs, and sweetbrier roses, and pinks-pinks everywhere. When you get up early in the morning, you breathe air that is scented with pinkragrance, and it is like wine. I like old-fashioned flowers, and I like old

songs.'
'Then we'll try Robin Adair,' he said. oing to the piano. 'How brave and noble he looks,' she

thought, as she glanced shyly at him, standing there with his empty sleeve across his breast, and with a grave, tender light in his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

That evening Ruth was sitting at the single specified by the single specified by the single specified by the single specified by the specified by the single specified by the specified by the

Robin's not here You shall be Ro-

bin to me. She sat down to the piano, with a soft smile on her face. There was a quiet, happy light in her eyes. Robert won-dered if she could be thinking the same houghts that made such a warm spot in his heart. He believed she was. Her face

seemed to say so.

Watching him, from behind her book. Mrs. Nugent saw him looking at the You haven't been here for a long girl's face oftener than at the words of

the song they were singing.
'He'll ask her to marry him before long,' she said to herself, with a scornful curl of the lip. 'And she'll be fool enough to say yes to it. I should think she'd seen enough of pinching and planning to make one dollar go as far as two. If he had anything, it wouldn't look quite so foolish to marry a one-armed man: but when that man is as poor as a church mouse!-humph!' and Mrs. Nugent, utterly ignoring all question of love in the case, expressed her opinion of it by a shrug of her shoulders, and an extra upward curve of her not strictly Grecian

'I will keep this in memory of the evening and the song, he said, lifting the geranium leaf from the keys upon which it had fallen.

'And you shall have this to go with it,' she said taking a cluster of purple heliotrope from her hair.
'Thank you,' he said, gravely.

ears to come, I will show you leaf and flower, and ask you if you have forgotten to-night.'

'I shall remember,' she said. 'I am not one to forget easily.' 'I shall not see you again before you go,' he said. 'I have to leave town to-

morrow, to be gone until Tuesday. So I must say good-bye now.'

He took her unresisting hand in his, and held it for a moment, silently. She could feel his eyes upon her, and dared not leak up has a way color made her.

not look up, but a rosy color made her cheeks bright.
'Good-bye,' he said, 'and God bless you.' It would have sounded strange for most men to have said good-bye for

a month in that grave way, but it did not to Ruth, coming from the man she Then their hands parted, and Robert

Haviland was gone. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

"NOTHING BUT A BOIL."-A VETY "Northing But a Boil."—A very curious story is told of the late sickness of Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. It will be remembered that his physician said that his trouble was "senile gangrene," and that his recovery was impossible. On the very day, the tale runs, to which the medical prophets in attendance had limited his life, a blunt old granger—also a dector after 'I shouldn't be surprised to learn that you were going into the lecture-field with a talk on the 'Advancement of Woman,' or something of the kind,' said Robert, with a smile.

'There's no danger of that,' answered Ruth. 'If I were to lecture on such a subject, the advancement I would urge would be, that women try to do something for themselves. I am ashamed, when I think how many of them are content to exist like parasites. If they would only go to work, and learn how much sweeter the bread tastes that you have earned with your own hands, than

FOUND DROWNED.

She searches, searches everywhere, As one would treasure find— Old Susan, with the wandering eye And long-bewildered mind.

All up and down the shining sands With eager step she goes; And speaks with hesitating voice, Not knowing friends from foss.

"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy, My little baby brother? She left him to me when she died, And bade me be his mother—

"Our mother. She frowns out of heaven On me, as once she smiled; So I go searching night and day Until I find her child.

"Tis a few weeks ago"—(alas, She has lost count of years!)
"I laid him on the soft warm sand Asleep, and had no fears. "I only went a little way,
And sat behind that stone,
Writing to William Beverley,
That is to India gone.

'He will come back and marry me, He says, in two years more; I shall be then but just eighteen, And he scarce twenty-four.

"But can be marry me?" she shricks—
"Me that was ranged? I mean
They would have hanged me, but perhaps
Somebody told the Queen,

"And she said—what, I do not know: I think I slept or died, And woke up in a world of dreams Most horrible and wide.

"I did not kill the boy," she means;
"I only left him here—
Forgot him—and the tide flowed in
And ebbed out—no one near.

"Not guilty! oh, my lord, my lord, Not guilty!" sob ing wild; "I only let him float away And drown—my mother's child! "And so my mother made them shut Ou me the prison door, Till I was dead; yet now, it seems, I am alive once more.

"I walk along the shiring sands, I hear his shout of joy; I know I'll find him very soon,

My little darling boy.

So on she goes with cautious tread, And eager eyes and wild; But never, never will she find The little drowned child. —DINAH MCLOCK CRAIK.

Christmas in Central Africa.

Harper's Magazine. Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the bal-ance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very ferent is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunate travelers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glitter-ing and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux can not distinguish Christmas-eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's Birthday or Decoration day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a dis tinguished English traveler once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveler was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the hear of Africa, and his only desire was to de good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travelers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and, having suffered incessantly from fever. starvation, the rude embraces of lions and elephants, the bites of deadly pents, and the crucities of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European m makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted t, and not where they selfishly im-

agined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought sad-dened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his sapply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mother's largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and un-trained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad day light. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and ostriches, and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native cances bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordeons and banjoes came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back murmuring, "'Tis 'ard, 'ard in-deed, to die on Christmas among the

eathen. The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tsetse* and *pombo* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low, mournful tone:
"The poor white trash done come to
Africa. He hasn't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enfeebled as he was the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read Mungo Park's Travels and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung.

'Sing it yourself, then,' retorted the singer in a cold, heartless way, and thereupon the women passed and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the woman made the traveler so indignant that he resolved to make one more tremendous effort for make one more tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not, much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extend-ing entirely across it. On this throne sat twalve native kings in

one with a musical instrument in hand. The one who sat in the middle

began the king, 'what do you say for yourself?'

yourself?'
'I am a white man,' replied the traveller; 'but I 'aven't 'ad any soup for
years, so I plead hextenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungty. Will
you not give me some breakfast?'
The king's face grew bright with rage
for it could not grow any darker than

it was-and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king

cleared his throat, and said: Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pro-nounce a lighter sentence. You will isten attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite planta-tion melodies, and you will guess every conundrum and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones?

A unanimous "Yah! yah!" from the other kings expressed their warm ap-

"No! no!" cried the traveler, in agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your hawful songs and conun-drums. I've 'eard them all at 'orne." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar and struck the traveler a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found nimself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, 1 be

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay," replied the traveler. "'Ave you got

anything to heat with you?" The young man had been sent to find the traveler. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas!"

It was the merriest Christmas the raveler had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honor could not give him the delight which be had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings.

Be not over hasty in making a bargain. study first both the advantages and disadvantages.

This country devotes over 600,000 acres to tobacco raising.

Chicago's First Citizen. The Chicago Tribune. in closing at laborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of that city, gives the fol-lowing as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacobs Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised m o try St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I procured some of it imme-diately, and found it excellent for that ailment.

Choose your wife as you wish children to be. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor ap petite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all

truggists. We are no longer happy so soon as we wish to be happier.

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Keep good company, and you shall be of th

dyspeptic and constipsted, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, Wonto's Dispersa-RY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. What we learn with pleasure we cannot for

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Bull dogs, Green watermelons Didn't know it was loaded pistols, Optum shops, Gambling dens, Dull razors, Counterfeit notes

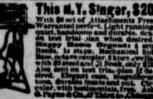
Rams' horns, Hornets' nests. Lightning rods. Mules' hind legs, Nitro glycerine cans, Forty-rod whiskey.

Weak stomachs, from which result indiges tion, dyspepsia, and various blood affection are also signals of danger which should b beeded without delay, and for which Burdock Blood Bitters are especially adapted This medicine renovates, purifies and strengthens the circulatory organs, thus building up the entire system.

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gts, Detroit, Mich. Little things console us,

Jos. L. Foote, the Commodore, Eigin, says Thomas' Echscrate Oil cured his clatica with one application, thoroughly ap-died. It also cared him of a severe cold and ough. He thinks it a very valuable remedy, and will never be without it.



hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

'Poor white trash, Mr. Johnsing, briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

'Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner.

'Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner.

'Mr. Bones—I should say, prisoner. got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for

three years past.

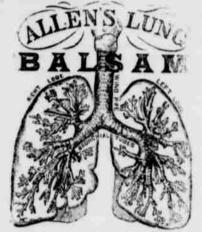
I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. Mankind are more indebted to industry than

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